

Tom T. Hall**"I Couldn't Live in Southern California"**

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(Tom T. Hall)

I couldn't live in southern California
I don't know nothing I could do
I couldn't live in southern California babe
Not unless I lived there with you.

We went down to laguna in the wintertime
Shops were warm the brandy tasted good
You know you said you never could stand tourist
And you wouldn't be a tourist if you could.

Do you remember that we saw a rainbow
When it got over the mountains in the way
And even though they said it would be raining
We found ourself that chilly sunny day.

The mountains are so high I feel that I could fly
Looking down into the valley below
The clear Kentucky streams they are always in my
dreams
I think that is something you should know.

--- Instrumental ---

I don't think that I could drive the freeways
I get lost and you know how that feels
Someday I think I'd like to paint a seascale
If they ever get the ocean stands still.

The old men with the beer talked to the seagulls
The young men in their prime were playin' ball
The coyotes on the prairie chased the rabbits
And we promised that we come back in the fall.

But I couldn't live in southern California
I don't know nothing I could do
I couldn't live in southern California babe
Not unless I lived there with you...

